JUDITH.

AN

ORATORIO.

AS PERFORM'D

AT THE

LOCK-HOSPITAL CHAPEL,

On WEDNESDAY the 29th of FEBRUARY, 1764.

SET TO MUSICK BY

Dr. ARNE.

LONDON:

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and to be had at the HOSPITAL.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

Performers Names.	Characters.
Mr. BEARD,	OZIAS.
Mr. TENDUCCI.	CHARMIS.
Mr. CHAMPNESS.	HOLOFERNES.
Miſs WRIGHT.	JUDITH.
	ABRA.
AND	Chorus of *Iſraelites.*
Miſs BRENT.	Chorus of *Aſſyrians.*

SCENE, *BITHULIA.*

JUDITH.

AN

ORATORIO.

PART I. SCENE I.

Chorus of Iſraelites.

FATHER of Mercies lend thine Ear,
Behold us with a pitying Eye.
Thy wretched ſuppliant People hear,
Help, help, O Lord! or elſe we die.

CHARMIS *Chorus. Recitative.*

Char. Well may ye mourn, O miſerable Race!
Well may ye mourn: The Angel of Deſtruction
Even now on Wing malignant hovers o'er us,
And ſhow'rs upon our Heads the Wrath of Heaven.

A Man. Ye are the Cauſe, ye Governors and Rulers,
Of the dire Miſchiefs that are fallen upon us.
Why ſought ye not a Peace with theſe *Aſſyrians*
E'er they approach'd our City? Now their Troops
Encompaſs us about, have ſeiz'd our Springs,
And thro' a Dearth of Water all muſt periſh.

AIR.

A Wo. *O Torment, great, too great to bear;*
Parch'd up with Thirſt I burn, I rage;
Diſtraction! Horror! and Deſpair,
Give me this Fury to aſſwage
One Drop, from ſome yet moiſt'ned Bowl,
To cool the Fever in my Soul.

SCENE II.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, *Chorus.*

A Man. Throw wide our Gates, let *Holofernes* enter
With all his Troops, and ſpoil us! we will ſerve him.
It's better ſo to ſerve, than to behold
Our Wives and Children die before our Faces.

Ozias. Brethren take Courage, let us yet endure
Five Days, and if within that Space the Lord
Turn not his Mercy towards us, we will do
According to the Words ye now have ſpoken.

AIR.

AIR.

Be humble, ſuff'ring, truſt in God,
Who joys not with the chaſt'ning Rod,
To ſhew his Power Divine;
No, he is Good as well as Great,
And Men, that will not patient wait,
Rebel when they repine.

SCENE III.

JUDITH, ABRA.

Jud. Have then our Miſeries at length ſubdued us?
And muſt thoſe Heathens lord it o'er the Race
Of abject *Iſrael?*
Abra. Within five Days
Bithulia ſhall be plundered, our young Men
Slain with the Sword, our Virgins violated;
And the ſmall Remnant muſt groan out a Life
In Slavery and Exile.
Jud. Know'ſt thou not
What Wonders the Almighty can perform?
Oh weak of Faith! ſhould God ſtretch forth his Arm,
Is it too late to ſave his ſinking People?
I feel my Spirit ſtirr'd with ſtrange Emotions.
Raiſe, raiſe ſome potent Strain, whilſt I retiring,
In holy Meditation ſeek the Lord.

AIR.

AIR.

Abra. *Wake my Harp! to melting Meaſures,*
Pour thy ſofteſt, ſweeteſt Treaſures,
Such as lift the Thoughts on high;
'Till the rapt Soul, Earth forſaking,
Heaven-ward it's Flight is taking,
On the Wings of Harmony.

SCENE IV.

JUDITH, ABRA.

Jud. Where are the Ancients of the City?—Lead me,
This inſtant lead me to them; with ſome vaſt
Deſign my Soul is big! Yet what am I,
Moſt Gracious! what am I, that thou ſhouldſt do
This Thing, and by an Inſtrument ſo feeble
Blazon thy glorious Name among the Nations.

AIR.

Adventurous, lo! I ſpread the Sail,
Steering where Patriot Virtue guides;
That 'marks my Paſſage, 'points the Gale,
And Pilot at my Helm preſides.
With ſtedfaſt Heart I quit the Shore,
Nor Man's Aſſiſtance deign to court;
The Star of Mercy goes before,
In Promiſe of a joyful Port.

SCENE V.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, JUDITH, ABRA, *Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Ozias. Brethren, behold! the Widow of *Menaſſes*,
Judith, for Wiſdom, and for Beauty fam'd;
This way ſhe comes attended by her Damſel.
Daughter, what wouldſt thou?
Jud. Hear me, O ye Rulers!
Ye have not rightly done to tempt the Lord,
By ſwearing, that unleſs within five Days
He turn'd to help us, ye would yield the City.
Charm. Th' raſh Inhabitants compell'd us to it.
But thou implore the Lord, that he may ſend
Rain from the Clouds, and we ſhall faint no more.

Chorus of Iſraelites.

When Iſrael *wept, no Comfort nigh,*
Thou heard'ſt, O Lord, thy People's Cry:
Tender as Shepherd of his Flock,
When thro' the Deſart they were led,
From Heav'n thy Bounty gave them Bread,
And pour'd them Water from the Rock.

Jud. Hear me! I mean to do an Act ſhall go
Throughout all Generations: I will go
Forth from the City to the *Aſſyrian* Camp
With this my Virgin; and within the Time

Preſcrib'd,

Preſcrib'd, the Lord ſhall ſave ye by my Hand.
But queſtion not the Scope of my Deſign.
For nought I will divulge 'till all be finiſh'd.

AIR.

Remember what Jehovah *ſwore*
To Abram, and his Seed of yore,
Above 'tis on Record;
With this Right Hand I plant thy Race,
No Power ſhall root it from its Place;
So ſpoke the living Lord.
And Suns may melt, and Stars decay,
Both Heaven and Earth ſhall paſs away,
But not his ſacred Word.

SCENE VI.

OZIAS, CHARMIS.

Char. She breathes prophetic Strains! depart in Peace,
And the Lord GOD go with thee. Wonder not
My Brethren, that upon this Woman's Strength
We reſt our Hopes of Safety! through the Tribes
The Fame of her Religion is gone forth;
And know, a ſingle Champion ſo provided,
Is better than a Hoſt of the Prophane.

AIR.

AIR.

'Tis not in the Spear, or Bow,
Fame and Conqueſt to beſtow
Nor does Victory belong
To the Valiant, or the Strong.
But the Pious and the Juſt,
Thoſe who in Jehovah *truſt,*
To their Foes the Sword may give,
They ſhall triumph, they ſhall live.

SCENE VII.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, *Chorus of* Iſraelites.

Ozias. Lo! where fair *Judith* iſſuing from the Gate,
With her Attendant, now deſcends the Mountain:
How beautiful ſhe looks, and with what Vigour
She treads along!—'Tis God! 'tis God inſpires her
To ſome great Purpoſe; laud his Holy Name.

Chorus of Iſraelites.

Hear, Angels hear! celeſtial Choirs,
In Raptures catch your golden Lyres,
With us your Voices raiſe;
To him the firſt and laſt be given,
In loweſt Earth, in higheſt Heav'n,
All Glory, Pow'r and Praiſe.

END of the FIRST PART.

PART II. SCENE I.

HOLOFERNES, JUDITH, ABRA.

Jud. THUS, noble *Holofernes*, thou haſt heard
Why with this Virgin I forſook yon City;
Becauſe the Inhabitants by Crimes moſt odious,
Were drawing on themſelves the Wrath of Heaven.
When the dread Hour is nigh, God ſhall forewarn me,
And I, by ſecret Paſſes, will conduct
Thee, and thy Troops, to the devoted Walls:
Nor ſhall *Bethulia* only fall a Prey,
But all *Judea*.

Hol. Wonder of thy Sex! what Language can expreſs
My Admiration?——
What Words do Juſtice to thy Excellence?
For Comelineſs of Form, and Strength of Mind,
There is not ſuch another.

Jud. Spoke my Lord
To his poor Handmaid?—Let me not ſuppoſe it.
Far be ſuch vain Thoughts from the Wretch that toils
In this dark Vale of Sin and Miſery.

AIR.

AIR.

Oh! ſtrive not with ill-ſuited Praiſe,
Thy Servant's humble Mind to raiſe.
God be my Pride, his holy Ways,
My Ornaments alone:
This Merit only reſts with me,
That, through the Veil of Charity,
Another's Blemiſhes I ſee,
Whilſt I lament my own.

SCENE II.

HOLOFERNES, JUDITH, ABRA, *Chorus of* Aſſyrians.

Hol. Strait thro' the Camp let this Command be iſſued,
That none preſume t'approach the *Hebrew* Women,
But with ſuch due Reſpect and Reverence,
As ſuits the Friends of the *Aſſyrian* King.
An unmoleſted Paſſage let them find,
And ample Liberty to obſerve their Laws,
Their Cuſtoms, and Religion.

Chorus of Aſſyrians.

Live for ever!
Nabuchodonoſor and *Holofernes!*

Hol. Come, lovely *Judith*, for thy Reſidence
Yonder ſuperb Pavilion we aſſign.

AIR.

Adorn'd with every matchleſs Grace
By Heaven from whence ſhe ſprung;
We view the Goddeſs in her Face,
We hear it in her Tongue.

Againſt ſuch Charms there's no Defence;
O take! poſſeſs me whole!
Thy Beauty captivates my Senſe.
Thy Wiſdom quells my Soul.

Chorus of Aſſyrians.

Rejoice! Rejoice! Judea *falls,*
Yon ſtubborn City bows her Walls;
Victors we come, her Gates diſplay,
And Deſolation marks our Way.
While every Sword from Slaughter reeks,
The Virgin cries, the Matron ſhrieks;
Thro' her pale Streets Groans, Shouts reſound,
And all her Turrets flame around.

SCENE III.

JUDITH, ABRA.

Jud. Thus far the Lord hath led us by the Hand,
'Till in the Midſt of theſe Idolaters

We

We are ſet down. But know, like Sparks of Fire
Lodg'd in a Heap of Stubble, we ſhall ſoon
Blaze and conſume them. Only thou, my Siſter!
Beware of their Deceptions. Nor with Flattery
Let them intoxicate our Reaſon.

Abra. Never.
The Praiſe of the Abandon'd to the Ear
Of Virtue, ſounds but like the Serpent's Hiſs
As timely Warning to avoid its Sting.
Too well by thy Example am I taught
To ſcorn the glittering Gewgaws they eſteem.

AIR.

Vain is Beauty, gaudy Flow'r,
Pageant of a Day, an Hour,
Born juſt to bloom and fade;
Nor leſs weak, leſs vain than it
Is the Pride of human Wit,
The Shadow of a Shade.

SCENE IV.

JUDITH, ABRA, *Chorus of* Aſſyrians.

Jud. Soft, break we off, what wanton Troops come yonder?
This Way they bend their Steps. Now ſpeak your Errand.
If from the great, the gracious *Holofernes*,
Ought in Command ye bear, behold a Vaſſal,
Submiſſive to the Pleaſures of her Lord.

A Man.

A Man. Thus then our General greets the peerleſs *Judith.*
To Night he holds a Banquet, and her Preſence
Only is wanting to compleat its Splendor.
Further he charg'd me—but I need not ſpeak it,
Charms have the *Hebrews*, and the *Aſſyrians* Hearts.

A Wo. Come, beauteous Stranger! give a Looſe to Joy—
Our General amidſt the Noiſe of War,
Has a Soul tun'd to all the ſofter Paſſions—
Enough, ſhe ſmiles Conſent, return we back
With the glad Anſwer of our Embaſſy.

SCENE V.

JUDITH.

I'll ſeat me on this Bank, where pleaſing Solitude
Shall be the Nurſe to heav'nly Contemplation.

THE HYMN.

I.

How chearful, along the gay Mead,
The Daiſy and Cowſlip appear,
The Flocks, as they careleſly feed,
Rejoice in the Spring of the Year:
The Myrtles, that ſhade the gay Bow'rs,
The Herbage, that ſprings from the Sod,
Trees, Plants, cooling Fruits, and ſweet Flow'rs,
All riſe to the Praiſe of my God.

II.

Shall Man, the great Maſter of all,
The only Inſenſible prove?
Forbid it, fair Gratitude's Call;
Forbid it, Devotion and Love:
Thee Lord, *who ſuch Wonders cou'd raiſe,*
And all can deſtroy with a Nod,
My Lips ſhall inceſſantly praiſe;
My Soul ſhall be wrapt in my God.

SCENE VI.

JUDITH, ABRA.

Jud. The Lyon's in the Toils, we have him faſt,
And never ſhall he walk abroad again
To make the Foreſts tremble: Hie we hence
To this ſame Banquet; yet imagine not,
That my chaſte Body I will render up
To fulſome Purpoſes; no, God ſhall ſave me;
To whoſe Almighty Guidance I reſign
Myſelf this Night. Fall proſtrate on the Earth,
Join me in fervent Prayer, from Heart and Voice
Let our warm Vows in Uniſon aſpire.

DUET.

DUET.

Oh thou, on whom the Weak depend,
Creator! Father! Champion! Friend!
Source divine of every Bleſſing,
Merciful beyond expreſſing,
To thy vow'd Votariſt's Suit attend.

SCENE VII.

HOLOFERNES.

Crown me with Laurels, bring the Chaplets hither,
With Roſes and with Myrtle bind each Brow,
For we to-day are Conquerors. Thus ſurrounded,
Like the fam'd Son of *Lybian Jove* I ſtand,
When to the *Indian* Shore he led his Legions,
And Victory fought beſide him!—Fill the Goblets!
To Father *Bacchus* pour Libation due.
Let Mirth and Muſick teſtify Devotion,
So ſhould the Deity be prais'd and honour'd.

AIR.

Hail, immortal Bacchus! *known*
By thy Vine encircled Zone;
By the Crew that on thee wait,
Thy roſy Creſt and reeling Gait.

Hither

Hither veſted like the God
With thine Ivy, Wreath, and Rod;
Hither come in jolly Pride,
And o'er thy feſtive Rites preſide.

Chorus of Aſſyrians.

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By thy Vine encircled Zone;
By the Crew that on thee wait,
Thy roſy Creſt and reeling Gait,
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With thine Ivy, Wreath, and Rod;
Hither come in jolly Pride,
And o'er thy feſtive Rites preſide.

SCENE VIII.

HOLOFERNES, JUDITH, *Attendant Chorus.*

Recitative accompanied.

Hol. Silence each ruder Sound, let nothing breathe
But ſofteſt Harmony.—Fair *Judith* comes,
Another *Venus* by the Graces led.
So when the Sea-born Goddeſs from the Foam
Prolific ſprung, as on the boiling Deep

Her Form appear'd, the loud Winds fell to Whiſpers,
And the Waves crept in Murmurs to the Shore.
Jud. Behold at thy Command, O *Holofernes!*
Thine Handmaid ſtands before thee.
Hol. Thy Charms
O'erpow'r me with their Luſtre! in a Blaze
Of Beauty I am loſt!—O let me lean
My Head upon thy Boſom.
Jud. Shall I queſtion what to my Lord ſeems good—
recline thy Head,
While I to lulling Sounds my Voice attune
And ſing thy weary'd Spirits to Repoſe.

AIR.

Sleep, gentle Cherub!—Sleep deſcend!
Thy healing Wings protective ſpread,
And o'er his ſacred Temples bend,
O bend their ſalutary Shade.

Abra. Bacchus to *Venus* has reſign'd the Hero
With Wine oppreſſed; and in extatic Slumbers
His Senſes are diſſolved; remove him gently
To the inmoſt Chambers of the Tent, beneath
The Purple Canopy, beſide his Couch
The Fair ſhall watch and guard him from Diſturbance.

Chorus.

Chorus of Aſſyrians.

Prepare the genial Bow'r, prepare,
And thou the Ruler of the Sphere,
Night halt thy ſable Wane:
Halt, and ſhed double Darkneſs round,
Be ſtill each Motion, huſh'd each Sound,
Let Love and Silence reign.

END of the SECOND PART.

PART III. SCENE I.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, JUDITH, ABRA.

Ozias. GREAT are thy Works, O God! and wonderful
The Mercy which thou ſheweſt the Sons of Men.
Daughter proceed, how ſcap'dſt thou undefiled?
Jud. When we were left together in the Tent,
There *Holofernes* lay, ſtupid with Wine:
Then came the Spirit of the Lord upon me,
And drawing from his Sheath his ſhining Faulchion
I ſmote him twice, and ſtruck away his Head.
Which when my faithful *Abra* had received,
We paſs'd unqueſtioned 'till we reach'd *Bethulia*.
Ozias Bleſſed art thou, O *Judith*, among Women.
What thou haſt wrought to-day for *Iſrael*
Shall be remembered to thy Praiſe for ever.

AIR.

'Mongſt Heroes and Sages recorded,
Thou faireſt and foremoſt ſhall ſhine;
For Fame is the Meed that's awarded,
To recompence Virtue like thine.

Whilſt

Whilſt Men in a juſt Admiration
Of Wiſdom and Valour agree.
So long every Age every Nation
Shall hallow a Laurel to thee.

SCENE II.

JUDITH, OZIAS, CHARMIS, ABRA, *Chorus.*

Jud. Behold, my Brethren, how the Lord hath ſmitten
By a weak Woman's Hand, thine Enemy.
Here, take his Head, and hang it on the Walls,
Gird every Man his Sword upon his Thigh,
And feign yourſelves preparing all for Battle.
The *Aſſyrians* will perceive ye are in motion,
And ſtraitway call their General, *Holofernes*;
But no Cries wake the Dead; then ſhall they fear
And fly before you, while you thunder down,
And overthrow them with a mighty Slaughter.

AIR.

O Lord, our God! tremendous riſe,
In Battle dreadful mount the Storm;
Before thy Face while Vengeance flies,
Thy wrathful Mandates to perform
And blaſt thy Enemies.

Chorus

Chorus of Iſraelites.

Who can Jehovah's *Wrath abide,*
Who from his ſearching Fury hide,
He lifts his Arm in Ire;
Hell ſhrinks from the impending Stroke,
The Hills recede, the Mountains ſmoke,
Earth trembles, Heaven's on fire.

SCENE III.

Iſraelitiſh *Prieſts, Men, Women, Elders.*

A Wom. Daughters of *Sion,* hear ye what is done?
How *Judith* with the Damſel her Companion
Has brought Deſtruction and Reproach on *Aſſur.*
Take Branches in your Hands, and crown'd with Garlands,
In Triumph let us bear them through the City.
A Man. Well haſt thou ſaid. Prepare a ſolemn Feaſt
And high Rejoicing, for no leſs is due
To God, and his elected Members.

AIR.

No more the Heathen ſhall blaſpheme,
O Lord of Hoſts! thy holy Name,
In their polluted Place;
No more elate with impious Pride,
Thy ſacred Sabbath ſhall deride,
Or vex thy choſen Race.

SCENE IV.

The TRIUMPH.

CHORUS.

Breathe the Pipe, the Timbrel ſound,
Strew the Olive, ſtrew the Bays;
In grateful Songs rejoice,
Let every Hand and every Voice,
Join in matchleſs Judith's *Praiſe.*
Breathe the Pipe, the Timbrel ſound, &c.

Chorus repeated.

SCENE V.

JUDITH, ABRA, *Iſraelites.*

Jud. Iſrael, for Shame!—What, are ye like the Heathen,
To give the Glory of God's Works to Man?
Proceed no farther with this Prophanation—adore *Jehovah.*

AIR.

Not unto us, but to his Name,
The Praiſe, the Thanks beſtow;
Who form'd above the ſtarry Frame,
And ſunk the Deeps below.

SCENE the Laſt.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, JUDITH, ABRA, *Iſraelites.*

Jud. Here, O ye Sons of *Jacob*, let us reſt!
Yet ſince God heard you, when in ſore Affliction
Ye ſung a Hymn in Honour to his Name,
Joyful repeat it now; for to his Ear
Such Songs of Praiſe and Piety are ſweet.
In grateful Clouds to Heaven they aſcend,
And fall again in Bleſſings on Mankind.

Chorus of Iſraelites.

Hear, Angels hear! celeſtial Choirs,
In Raptures catch your golden Lyres,
With us your Voices raiſe;
To him the firſt and laſt be given,
In loweſt Earth, in higheſt Heav'n,
All Glory, Pray'r and Praiſe.

7 AP 66

FINIS.

SCENE the Laſt.

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FINIS.